# THE EMERALD.

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## *ORIGINAL.*

## THE WANDERER,

*No.* 105.

(*In continuation.*)

THE first figure which appeared was my friend Frippery. Frippery had been a traveller; stimulated with a thirst to see and be seen, he had dashed away to France immediately after the death of a rich relation, who had left him a large fortune. Here Frippery found that others were as fantastical and finical as himself. Determined, however, not to be outdone in foppery, the distinguishing characteristic in the manners of the French, he got a music master to teach him to torture time and his hearers, by means of the violin; a dancing master to shew him the true *cherchée* into a room full of company, and a fencing master to shew him the *tierce et carte, parade and counter parade* in affairs of honour; his tailor equipped him with clothes, and his hair-dresser crowned the French gentleman by a *crop a la Brutus*. But notwithstanding all this, poor Frippery could not attain the distinction he aspired after; he bowed, he scraped, he put on a sword, he spent money, he dressed in the utmost extravagance of the *beau-monde*; but the French, though they were willing to take his money, would not court his company; he was a *bourgois*, he could not please them. Finding his endeavours fruitless, he conceived the notion of astonishing his friends in America, by his manners and appearance, which though not borrowed from the most genteel part of the French community, though they were the gesticulations of a posture master, or the decorations of a tailor, were sufficient, he supposed, to gain him great credit among his brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. He arrived among them, and began his airs immediately. His friend Talleyrand, had intimated to him, that America was to be divided between Great-Britain and France; this was a great state secret, which, from peculiar intimacy with the minister, in the warmth of conversation, had inadvertently escaped from him; his friends however might rely on the truth of the story. He went into parties, and silenced the opposition of argument, with the shrug of contempt, the rigadoon of vivacity, or the snuff of coxcombry and pride. His frivolity soon lost him many admirers. He was the first applied to on subjects of foreign dispute; but was found to be least acquainted with them. Contempt soon followed, and Frippery, disappointed and vexed, determined to make one vigorous effort, and then attempt another dash abroad. Conscious that a military title is one of the surest roads to honour in France, he made

interest to become a *militia* officer; and then he proceeded to Europe, in the character of Colonel Trippery. Now indeed his reign commenced, but his fall was as sudden and abrupt, as his ascent was ridiculously elevated. The American Colonel was courted, and invited to associate with military men, and what was the consequence? Military men laughed at his opinions, and ridiculed his tactics. His uniform now only protected him in the street from the familiarity of his previous intimates, waiters, shoe-blacks, and hair-dressers; but the American Colonel among officers and gentlemen was no longer courted or esteemed. All this information I gained from his appearances at the masquerade. I had imagined him vain, but he now appeared contemptible. The magician, by dressing him in a peculiar manner, had brought all his disguised motives to the surface, and he stood before me, a despised gentleman, a pretended officer, and an awkward beau.

The next figure I observed, was Miss Prudence Simple. She approached with meritricious charms, in a garb of extravagance and dissipation, that quite confounded me. This lady was educated in the country, from whence both her parents came, as ignorant of town manners and customs as one of their milch-cows. But they had contrived to erect a splendid house from their *butter and cheese*, and soon stepped close upon the heels of our more enlightened *broad cloth* quality. Our milk-maid *Prudence*, however, could never divest herself of her original education; she never held her fan, but she either tore it with hard usage, or affected to handle it so delicately that it did her no good. If a gentleman looked at her, she was mute, if he spoke to her, she was frightened out of her senses Her rusticity was made more ridiculous, and her ignorance more apparent, the more she rioted in splendour and luxury. She affected to despise those who were emerging from the dung hill, without being conscious that this very affectation betrayed her own origin. I thought her ignorant, yet still I thought her modest; but in the garb of the magician I found her modesty was the effect of ignorance, and not of feeling. Here I saw her nature displayed. Her fear and bashfulness were subdued. So far from eluding the observation, she ran after the men, and instead of blushing when spoken to, she could stare an impudent fellow in the face, and perhaps say something that would make him blush. And indeed she took particular care, her rouge should be so well laid on, that the imputation of real diffidence should never be charged against her. She now appeared as if all the cotillion masters, and music masters in the town had used their utmost endeavours to render her impudent and voluptuous in her deportment. She was to all appearance a completely rampant woman of——the town: and I should not have known Miss *Prudence Simple*, but from the label placed upon her head. A crowd of those whom I often meet in our fashionable circles, now approached, but the waving of the magician's wand had so completely transformed them, and the general conduct of all the ladies and gentlemen was so entirely different from what my previous knowledge had led me to expect, that I was retiring with disgust from the company of my best friends, and when the watchman's call awoke me, I gladly found I had been dreaming.

FLODOARDO.

## *THE DRAMA.*

### *No.* 3.

### MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Monday, November* 9.

THOUGH the dramas of Shakespeare enchain the attention and assail the feelings in every change and combination of passion, more than those of any other writer, yet the art of this poet seems never to have been directed to produce the least complexity in his fables. The attention of other writers has been chiefly bestowed on the management of plot; but Shakespeare, disregarding the effects arising from the involutions of intrigue, has happily aimed at rendering his characters natural, original, and bold, and his stories simple, affecting, and comprehensible. In "The Merchant of Venice," there are two predominant fables, which, though both are improbable, are made remarkably interesting, and though artfully interwoven, are not at all entangled. The forfeiture of a pound of flesh, and the choice of a wife by the caskets, abstractly considered, would be pronounced highly improbable events; yet once enter into the play, and Shakespeare has the art not only to familiarize improbability, but to claim undivided attention to it, and even to extort applause, which perhaps judgment might fairly withhold. The story of the bond, however, is said to have been erected on a fact which happened in Italy, with this difference, that the *Christian* was Shylock, and the *Jew* Anthonio. The third fable, the loves of Jessica and Lorenzo, is of no other use than to paint the character of the Jew by means of the elopement of his daughter, with more glow and vivacity. It is said of Hamlet, that it contains but one character; it may be remarked of the Merchant of Venice, that its interest is confined to one act. For, after the trial, the mind attends to the fifth act with frigid indifference, and previous to that event, the attention had only, by the gradual progress of the story, been prepared for its approach.

It is in character, therefore, that Shakespeare is the magician of poets; in character he is acute, refined, elevated, tyrannical, and lovely.

The fable of this play is taken from a story in the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378;—except the casket scene, which is borrowed from a tale of Boccace. As Shakespeare painted from general nature, he has seldom descended to copy the fleeting modes of artificial life, but has exhibited the reflection of human passions, as their "shadowy face' is set off in the mirror of human manners. Hence it is, says Johnson, that a character in Shakespeare is rarely an *individual*, and most commonly a *species*.

None of his productions deserves this panegyrick, more than the play before us. Nearly a century, after its first appearance at the *Globle* theatre, Lord Landsdowne undertook to modernize it with the pomp and trappings of the Italian school, which then first began to vitiate the taste of the English stage. The scene, in which he introduces *Shylock* at *Bassanio*'s feast, has the merit of invention, and some of the thoughts are invested with a singular felicity of expression. But, as Mr. Rowe has justly observed, his transformation of the character of Shylock, from the wolfish cannibal intended by the poet, into a miserly, mirth-moving, money-lender of *Duke's Place*, was too gross a violation of moral and poetical effect, to be long endured on a stage consecrated to Shakespeare and to virtue.

On the performance of this admirable drama, much might be lavished with the severity of criticism, and much might be bestowed with the bounty of praise. Some of the performers we consider so obstinate from arrogance, or incurable from dulness, that *on them* the very "brevity of wit" would be too long-winded a reproach. Others, again, are so assiduous without ambition in committing their parts, and so animated without sense in their delivery, that though they watch with the lynx, they benumb like the torpedo; and while they rob *themselves* of repose, they bestow it on the *audience*:

"Sleepless *themselves* to give their *hearers* sleep!"

There is another class, dignified by intellect, observant of life, polished in manners, high in ambition, refined in sentiment, and erudite in elocution. Of these, the number is indeed but too few; and others of an inferior grade and a different complexion, are sometimes necessarily served up to eke out the customary repast at a critical ordinary.

The performance of this play was understood to be offered to the public, as a *bon bouche* to the lovers of Shakespeare; but the representation of one of its best scenes was unexpectedly and most vexa-

tiously crippled by an *omission of duty*, on which we, in tenderness, offer no stricture, as we sincerely hope the same laudable devotion of time and talent, which has so recently restored the degraded "*Cassius*" to honour and fame, will, at the next performance of the "*Jew of Venice*," revive the departed graces and spirit of the maltreated "*Bassanio*."—Mr. CROMWELL deserved the thanks of the audience for his adventurous effort to oblige; but, in such a part as the accomplished *Bassanio*, "*we dote on his very absence.*"

Mr. Fennel, as Shylock, made a favourable impression on our judgment. The general beauty of his personation was propriety of deportment and accuracy of delivery; the general defect was, if any thing, a want of sufficient vivacity and feeling. From this charge, however, we willingly exempt his trial scene: in which, in our opinion, he has seldom been surpassed. The following phrases were remarkably well uttered, not only as respects the correctness of emphasis, but as regards look, action, and spirit.

"What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee *twice?*"

"I stand here for *law.*"

"Is it so *nominated* in the *bond?*"

The avidity with which he seized on the first opportunity, legally to gratify his revenge, was a fine point. When Portia has done expounding the law, he immediately exclaims,

"*A sentence;* come, prepare."

This praise is certainly his due; he has never been *excelled* by any Shylock on our boards. He assumed the character as a *tragick* personation of the deepest impression; and every incident of the play, with which he was connected, he controlled to the dominant purpose of his mind. If it be considered, that his voice has sometimes a cloud, it will not be rigidly demanded, that his enunciation should at all times exhibit that appropriate flexibility of modification, which, as it is the great orator of nature, is the most powerful instrument of human eloquence. To this accidental blemish, it is presumed, we are to attribute his comparative failure in one of the principal, most impressive, and distractedly passionate speeches of the Jew. It is a speech, calculated to rouse every feeling of nature, to touch the very nerve of affection, and embitter the malignity of revenge. We allude to the celebrated speech in the first scene of the third act. But we will not dilate on a subject so unpleasant to the classical mind of Mr. Fennell; we shall only say, that in the passage, "*Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?*"——the two latter words, "*affections, passions,*" should be uttered (if any regard be had to sentiment) in a tone, and with an impression, wholly distinct from the undiscriminating guttural monotony of "*hands, organs, dimensions,*" &c. The modulation of the falling and rising inflexions, might perhaps be judiciously appropriated to the expression of the two culprit words we have selected. Criticism, to be useful, must, in some measure, be verbal; and, with Mr. Fennell, particularly so;—for, in him, it is an incident of surprize, to meet an obumbration of Shakespeare's intelligence.

But the defect, so palpable in this passage, was more than atoned for, by the unexampled excellence of his

"*Signior Anthonio,—many a time,—and oft*
"*On the Rialto,*" &c.

The whole of this speech, which requires a constantly fluctuating variation of manner, was delivered in a style of elocution, in which we believe the great grammarian of rhetorick himself could find no anomaly of expression, design, or keeping.

In the *trial scene*, he was uniformly great. His

"*On what compulsion*—MUST *I? tell me that*"—

was strikingly emphatick; and irresistibly led the audience to the true and legitimate sense and reading of "*Portia's*" admirable reply,

"*The quality of mercy is not* STRAINED," &c.

the true emphasis and inflexion of which last word have been more frequently vitiated by illiteracy, or mistaken by negligence, than of any other passage of our bard. From Mr. Fennell's vicissitude of defect and excellence, we are suspicious he is newly studied in "*Shylock;*" and we have no doubt, when he has retraced his touches, it will be one of his most eminent characters.

Mrs. STANLEY'S "*Portia*" must be measured by the same standard, from whose shade the height of Mr. Fennell's claims has been admensurated.—As a correct and elegant reader of Shakespeare, she is confessedly eminent; and therefore cannot plead the prerogative of her sex or of a narrow education, as an exemption from the laws of a strictly critical tribunal. When a

woman's mind exhibits features of a manly intelligence and classic cultivation, surely she must be proud of the very censure of criticism, since analytical severity is an honour, which stern judgment would not deign to bestow, had not her mistakes and her beauties been those of a *woman of sense*. —In elegance and purity of orthoëpy, Mrs. S. has scarcely a rival,—certainly not a superior—on the Boston stage; and in the art of elocution, she is a decided pupil of the *Walker* school. Her voice, *within its proper compass*, is capable of giving the finest effect to all the graces and poignancies of high-life comedy; while her discriminating mind bestows a living sense on the feelings of level, *domestick* tragedy. Yet, with all these requisites, whose combined exertion is absolutely essential to the personation of "*Portia*," she disappointed certainty, and outstripped expectation.—In her first scene with "*Nerissa*," where all were sure of her best manner, she fell below her own example of polished satire, and in one instance mis-recited the text of her author.

In the casket scene, she suffered from the prejudice excited against the substituted "*Bassanio*"; yet in the speech,

"*You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand*," &c.

our stage has produced but few instances of equal eloquence, and discrimination.—

"*Hate counsels not in* SUCH *a quality*,"

was not delivered in a sufficiently *nice* manner.

"*There needs must be a like proportion*
"*Of lineaments of manners, and of spirit*,"

was judiciously uttered, without the comma after "*lineaments*," according to Warburton's correction.

——————"*I'll hold thee any wager*,
"*When we are both accoutred like young men*," &c.

and the following lines, exhibited all that taste at comick colouring, which so peculiarly belongs to her talent of personation.

"*I could not do with* ALL"—

had all the point of manner, which real life could give it.

In the trial scene, which, as a great critick observes, is "*amazingly written*," she repaired the unexpected fault of her comedy, and trod a step never taken by any of her predecessors in the part.—Equipped with the necessary "*notes and garments*" of the learned Bellario, her documents and instructions are complete, if the condition of the bond contain no stipulation for the *blood* of the delinquent. His pound of *flesh* is known to be the exacted forfeiture.

"*I pray you let me* LOOK *upon the bond*,"

was expressed with strong emotion; and when the condition is read, the countenance of Mrs. S. first to Anthonio, and then to Shylock, was finely descriptive and contrasted. Then follows,

"*Shylock—there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.*"

This could not be excelled. The conveyance was admirable.—Afterwards,

"*Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge*,
"*To stop his* WOUNDS—*lest he do* BLEED—*to death*,"

pursued the same verity of conception with great force.

Led on by the strong marking manner of these intimations, the audience waited anxiously for the explosion of the plot, which took place with an effect redoubled by the previous preparation. The rest of the scene was applause throughout. The celebrated speech on Mercy would have received on the boards of *any* theatre, the most flattering marks of critical approbation. Every change, or shade of sentiment, was eloquently illustrated. We arrange this part among the best efforts of Mrs. S.

Mrs. DYKES does not well beseem the "*lovely garnish of a boy*"; yet she deserved respect for her assiduity. Mrs. USHER would have been a more graceful and characteristick representative of "*Nerissa*."

Messrs. DICKENSON and DYKES would have received our vote of thanks for their respective performances, had not their *horse-in-a-mill* scene of twisted arms screwed our face into too sour a humour, to laugh at their jokes! On most occasions, however, Mr. Dickenson is a chaste and good comedian.

Mr. BERNARD'S "*Gratiano*," we mention with distinguished pleasure.—The fop and the wit were never played better; and though some years have elapsed since he was the "*Jack Meggot*" of Covent Garden, Mr. Bernard was, on this occasion, more than "*himself again*."

Mrs. POE executed some sweet songs in "*Jessica*;" but oh! Mr. USHER, how could you *remember* to *forget* so much of the first scene of Anthonio?—You *can* perform the Merchant—no man better. You have ambition and talent;—and in candour, we add, incorrectness is a fault, for which you

very rarely incur the penalty of public reproof.

Mr. Fox is almost always in error, and yet his ability is such, that the theatre cannot do without him.

## *THE MEDLEY.*

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

THE curioso will smile at the following choice scraps of Pulpit Eloquence. The first is a genuine example of *the swell in Theology*, and occurs in the exordium of a sermon, which father *Selle*, a French Dominican, preached in Poland, before his Excellency, Cardinal de Janson, then ambassadour there.

"GENESIS, ix. 13. '*I do set my bow in the cloud.*'——The *bow* enriched with clouds becomes the crown of the world—the gracefulness of the air—the garland of the universe—the salubrity of heaven—the pomp of nature—the triumph of serenity—the ensign of love—the picture of clemency—the messenger of liberality—the mansion of amorous smiles—the rich stanza of pleasure—in fine, the trumpet of peace, *For I do set my bow in the cloud.*

"It is a *bow*, gentlemen, with which, the roaring thunder being appeased, the heavenly Orpheus, in order insensibly to enchant the whole creation, already become immoveable by his divine harmony, *plays upon the violin* of this universe, which has as many strings as it has elements—for *I do set my bow in the cloud.*"

From Humphrey's Sermons, page 191.—Text, GENESIS, 5th chap. 5th verse —And the days of Adam were 930, '*and he died.*'

"We are met on this solemn occasion to do our last office to a friend, to bring him to his long home, to wait on him to his bed-chamber, there to take our last leave, and good night for ever; draw to the curtains, and put out the lights. —It cannot be expected I should say any thing of the deceased; being a stranger, I know nothing of his conversation, nothing of his life, but this I know, he was a son of Adam, he has followed his forefather, as we must all do him—'*and he died.*'

"We are discoursing over the dead, and dying stories should be sad stories; such a one I have to tell you: a tragedy, the saddest under heaven; never such a killing tragedy, where the world is slain in one act. Adam's tragedy, which we have acted in the chapters before: the persons Adam, Eve—and serpent. The stage at first strewed with flowers, paradise, now with blacks.—The plot, a most devilish plot, the most confounding plot, sin: the catastrophe, the end of all, is the text, Adam's exit. Exit Adam, carrying off the dead—'*and he died.*'"*

* Mr. Humphrey curiously observes that Adam "was the fore-door and back-door to the world, for he let all in, and let all out."

Modern writers should bear in memory a remark of the Honourable THOMAS HARVEY. "The first person in grammar should be the last person in rhetorick. Frequent EGOTISMS, if not invidious, are at best unacceptable."

Lord Chesterfield's advice to Lady Shirley, contains a thought, that Johnson might cynically call prettiness, but we think has pretensions to *true beauty*.

The *dews* of the *evening* most carefully shun,
They are TEARS OF THE SKY FOR THE LOSS OF THE SUN.

The following quaint sentences are from the dedication of "*Poesis Rediviva*," a collection of poems, to the Right Honourable Henry, Marquis of Dorchester, published in 1656, by John Collop. The remarks on poetry have the point of elegance, and the beauty of truth.

"*Si fuerint Mæcenates, non defuerint Marones.* Poetry revives, quickened by the beams of such a sun, whom all the Muses acknowledge their Apollo; and sun-like you may gild even the lowest and most humble valleys, yet neither impair your height or lustre; glance a more auspicious beam on this birth, which, eaglet-like, approaches the sun for legitimation, the most piercing ray of your judgment. I shall not, after the mode of dedications, cry out of jejuneness and sterility, and intreat a patronage to my weakness; as not content to commit errour without a patron, or recommitting it in an apologie: to gild a dunghill would but exhale a stench; though the odours of virtues charioted in sunbeams, may communicate their influences, and perfume the world. Nor wants poetry her virtues;—stones, trees, and wilde beasts, accompany an Orpheus, while he mollifies the most obdurate, and stone-assimilating tempers; teaches the most irregular pieces by his measures, to be squared by the rule of proportion, and serve to the edifice of virtue; produces harmony out of Nature's discords, while the most savage natures by his harmony, are reduced to consort. Civility dead, poesie revives; and though some object as the lyrick to Maro, *Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo, auditam moderere arboribus fidem, non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini*; virtue now being onely a vain and bloodless image."

"Nor is poesie unworthy of your patronage, which a Sir Philip Sidney hath praised, our seraphick Donne used, the learned Scaliger, and he who makes all praises modest, the excellent Hugo Grotius laboured in. Nay, even the prophets were poets, and Pagan poets are cited by the Apostles And though poesie be *vinum dæmonum*, as the father calls it, when it inebriates men's mindes with folly; yet it is *flagellum dæmonum* when it lashes them out of their vanity, tormenting them in their members The inriching of the people of God with the ornaments of Egypt, S. Austin applies to arts and sciences invented by heathens, but taken from them as the spoil of Egypt and converted to God's service. It may be said of poesie, as of S. Cyprian, Lactantius, Victorinus, Hilarius, *Quanto auro & argento & veste exiit ex Ægypto?* Converted from Paganism to Christianity. Let an atheist, like Porphyrius, scoff at it, as borrowed from gentilism; and an apostate, resembling Julian prohibite humane literature in Christians; which none have disrespected, beside those whose ignorance rendered incapable of it, or blacker impieties court oblivion. This could make an Octavius descend to the Lyrick's friendship; and a Lord Brook, as the most permanent epitaph, desire to be writ Sir Philip Sidney's friend. Friends to poesie cannot want a memory, while time can keep a register."

In the same work is to be found, the probable prototype of Johnson's fine couplet on Shakespeare.

"Each change of many-colour'd life he knew,
"*Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.*

It occurs in a piece, called "*The Poet.*"

He must have ravell'd times and kingdom's through,
*And when the world are view'd can make a new.*

The subsequent staza is from "The Muse's Cabinet," published in 1655. The conceit in the last line is pretty enough.

*On Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.*

"When I that learned work of his peruse,
And read the lines indited by his Muse:
It makes me think, so sweet of love he sings,
*His pens were quills pluckt off from Cupid's wings.*"

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The purest religion, says Lavater, is the most refined Epicurism. He, who in the smallest given time can enjoy most of what he never shall repent, and what furnishes enjoyments, still more unexhausted, still less changeable—is the most religious, and the most voluptuous of men.

The generous, who is always just—and the just, who is always generous—may, unannounced, approach the throne of God.

Who of man's race is immortal? He, who *fixes moments*, and gives *perennity* to *transitory things*.

The creditor, whose appearance gladdens the heart of his debtor, *may hold his head in sunbeams* and *his foot on storms*.

Who *gives a trifle meanly*, is *meaner than the trifle*.

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The subsequent lines, from the scene between Leontius and Demetrius in Dr. Johnson's "IRENE," are in the best style of the scholastic dramatist.

LEONTIUS. Reproach not misery—The sons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! so oft besieged in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear? That pow'r, that *kindly spreads*
*The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,*
*To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,*
*Beheld, without concern, expiring Greece,*
*And not one prodigy foretold her fate.*

DEMETRIUS. *A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it:*
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states!
When *public villainy*, too strong for justice,
*Shows his bold front*, the HARBINGER OF RUIN,
Can brave Leontius call for *airy wonders*,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When *some neglected fabric* nods beneath
The *weight of years*, and *totters to the tempest*,
Must HEAV'N *dispatch the messengers of light*,
Or *wake the dead* to *warn us of its fall?*

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The *first* sentence of the subjoined reflection from Dr. Warton's "History of English Poetry," has a sentiment, that is very ably enforced by the cynic critics of Edinburgh, in their Review of Franklin's Works. The whole is *orthodox*.

"The study of the classics, together with a colder magic, and a tamer mythology, introduced method into composition: and the universal ambition of rivalling those new patterns of excellence, the faultless models of Greece and Rome, produced that *bane* of invention, *imitation*. Erudition was made to act upon genius. Fancy was weakened by reflection and philosophy. The fashion of treating every thing scientifically, applied speculation and theory to the arts of writing. Judgment was advanced above imagination, and rules of criticism were established. The brave eccentricities of original genius and the daring hardiness of native thought, were intimidated by metaphysical sentiments of perfection and refinement. Setting aside the consideration of the more solid advantages, which are obvious, the *lover of true poetry* will ask, what have we gained by the revolution? It may be answered, *much good sense*, *good taste*, and *good criticism*. But in the mean time, we have lost a set of manners and a system of machinery, more suitable to the purposes of poetry, than those, which

have been adopted in their place We have parted with *extravagancies*, that are *above propriety*, with *incredibilities*, that are *more acceptable* than *truth*, and with *fictions*, that are more valuable than reality."

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The following panegyric on the Great Commoner, is from the pen of him, whose death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

Shall CHATHAM die and be forgot? O! no.
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow.
His matchless ardour fir'd each fear-struck mind.
*His genius soar'd* when Britons *droop'd and pin'd*;
Whilst each state Atlas sunk beneath the load,
His heart, unshook, with patriot virtue glow'd;
Like Hercules, he freed them from the weight,
And on his shoulders fix'd the tott'ring state;
His strength the monsters of the land defy'd;
To raise his country's glory was his pride,
*And for her service, as he liv'd, he dy'd.*

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The subjoined selections are from "The Schoolmaster, or Teacher of Table philosophie." Imprinted in 1576. The diction is *antiquated*, but the *bons mots* not *obsolete*.

"An olde woman having almost lost her sight, feed a physician to come and dress her eyes every day, who, as oft as he came, stole some piece of houshold stuffe away with him, untyll all the house was emptie. But when she recovered her sight, seeing all her goodes gone was thereat much amazed, and woulde not pay the physician his duetie. Then he convened her before a judge: to whom she complayned, that she was not yet fully cured, but rather sawlesse than she did before; for (sayd she) "I could see good store of houshold stuffe in my house, and nowe I can see nothing."

"A certayne frier coming into the gate of an abbey, seeing that he could not get in, rang the bell very hard: and a munke, coming to the gate, asked why he rang? Then sayd the frier—'I ring for the *charitie* which is gone away from the abbey;' which the munke hearing, took the bell and rang harder than hee had done.' 'What meaneth this then?' quod the frier. Then quod the munke, 'I ring for the *patience* which is departed from your friery."

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Readers of poetry will recognise the prototype of Mrs. Greville's fine allusion to the needle, in the following stanza, from "*An Adieu to the Turf*," written in 1778.

For me—ordain'd by heaven's command
To write, and save this sinking land,
Some genius sends me forth;
I burn with all an author's zeal—
Some unknown, unseen charm I feel,
And turn from *South to North.
So when by winds tempestuous tost,
The needle's wonted power seems lost,
And landsmen would despair;
Drawn by a force, which none e'er knew,
To its attractive pole still true,
It turns and fixes there.

* *Mr. South, a celebrated jockey, and Lord North, a celebrated statesman.*

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JOHN GRANGE, a facetious writer of the sixteenth century, thus winds off the prose epilogue to his "*Golden Aphrodites*," My *pen is stubbed*, my *paper spente*, my *inke wasted*, my *wittes gravelled*, and (to be *shorte*) time calleth me away; wherefore, standing to your curtesies, and hoping of your good acceptance hereof, wishyng to you as to myself, in haste I bidde you farewell.

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The subsequent pithy remarks are from the Review of '*A Warning to the Electors of Westminster, by Mr. Horne Tooke.*"

"We look upon this *twelve penny*

*warning* as a sort of '*stop thief*,' which is uttered by him who has a design to *pick pockets*.

"Since the publication of these pages, Dr. Parr has, we hear, congratulated Mr. Tooke on his courage and prudence—"*courage*," said the doctor, "to get your friends into duels, and *prudence* to keep yourself out of them."

"We cannot but repeat our wish, that Mr. Tooke would turn from these diabolical sports, to the *Diversions of Purley, and pay his subscribers what he owes them.*"

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The English Reviewers, speaking of Mr. Dibdin's extravagance, say, "With common prudence he might have been *sans souci*, and not, as he at present appears to be, *sans six sous*."

Mr. Dibdin, in his pamphlet, *(The Public Undeceived)* deals in sentences replete with wisdom. "Certainty," says he, "is better than suspense." What, is it better to be certain that you are to be hanged to-morrow, than to have a doubt about it? Perhaps Mr. D. will say, as to *hanging*, that is *suspense*; and so make his escape.

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The lines by Thomas Noble, occasioned by the motto, Never Despair, on the seal of Mrs. Hanway, author of Ellinor, Andrew Stewart, &c. are happy. We give the last paragraph.

Never despair!—heard you that moan?
It had Despair's most solemn tone!
'Twas Death,—'twas Suicide!—behold
Yon youth's dark eyes in anguish roll'd:—
The venom creeps through all his frame,
And quenches life's last languid flame:—
How fearful die the vital fires!—
How writh'd with madness he expires!
Of thousands, whom his lays delight,
None whisper'd in Despair's deep night;
"Hope, child of Genius!—still aspire
"To the high honours of the lyre.—
"Wealth hears thy claims, nor hears in vain:
"A patron's hands thy wants sustain."
No,—not e'en one, whose tears confest
What powers the wond'rous boy possest,
Not one a *real* tear would give
To win his wounded soul to live;—
But, like the willow o'er the stream,
They seem to grieve—and only seem:—
As o'er the murmuring brook below,
In senseless elegance of woe,
The willow throws its verdant leaves,
And, with soft semblance, idly grieves.

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## *MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.*

### FOREIGN.

Dr. Olbers of the observatory at Bremen, discovered on March 29th, a second new planet. It is well known the planet called Pallas, was his former discovery. Counsellor Seyffert has also observed it at Munich, on the Isle of May. He concludes its mean motion is greater than that of Juno, of Ceres, and of Pallas; that the eccentricity of its orbit is greater than that of Ceres and less than that of Juno and Pallas. It is the eleventh planet of our solar system, and moves betwixt Mars and Jupiter.

There has been discovered on the Russian frontiers, 35 wersts from China, the ruins of an apparently considerable city. They consist of shapeless hillocks, heaps of decayed bricks, and the remains of ramparts overgrown, in great part, with large trees. Orders have been given by the Russian government for an accurate examination of them.

A physician of Iceland, Mr. Frydenburg, has sent to Copenhagen a memoir concerning the means of converting a marine plant called see-tang, into an aliment for the human species. It has hitherto been used for kelp and other purposes, and is found in great abundance at Iceland.

The Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, in the course of 1806, had 158 performances: among the pieces represented were nine translations, and only one original Danish comedy, entitled, the "Hospital."

"Master Betty," according to the papers, "has finally retired from the stage. He is educating for the church by a respectable clergyman, who is to have 300*l.* a year for his tuition."—*A lie!* (Monthly Mirror.)

The description of a Danish Island scarcely known to the Danes themselves, has lately been given. It is called Mors, situate on the northeast part of Jutland. Its population amounts to 8,100, who speak a language peculiar to themselves, a glossary of which has been published, containing 700 words not known elsswhere.

The Kine Pox flourishes every where. In the presidency of Madrass, there were successfully vaccinated from the beginning of September, 1802, to the end of May, 1805, 429,821 persons, and from September 1, 1805, to August 31, 1806, 178,074 persons were vaccinated, of whom 3,816 were subsequently inoculated for the small pox, which they all resisted.

The instructions to the Vaccine Society of Denmark, have been translated into the Icelandish language and copies of the work with appropriate engravings, have been distributed in Iceland.

The Worcester physicians have publicly avowed they would no longer inoculate for the Small Pox. They have signed a written resolution to that effect. The Small Pox has lately made its appearance in the Persian Gulph. The English agent improved the opportunity to introduce the vaccination and all the principal natives submitted to the operation.

The catastrophe at Leyden was fatal to one of its first men of letters. Adrian Kluit, professor of antiquities, diplomatic history, and statistics in its university. He had displayed his profound knowledge of those subjects by various publications. His works on the Rights of Man in France, and on the Sovereignty of the United Provinces, did him great honour; but it was from his "History of the Government of the United Provinces to the year 1795," that he derived the highest reputation. The academical dissertations held under his presidency, and which were all extracted from his different courses, are in part collected and translated into Dutch. They are memoirs on the most important topics on the history and law of that country. He was engaged on a general statistical account of Holland at the time of the terrible explosion, in which his wife also perished.

Wieland is at present at work on a complete translation of Cicero's Epistles.

## DOMESTIC.

Proposals are issued by the Rev, William Price and Joseph Jones of Wilmington, Delaware, for re-publishing Gill's Expositions of the New Testament in 4 Volumes.

Just published in Philadelphia, Lectures on the Catechism. On Confirmation and the Liturgy delivered at the Philadelphia Academy, by James Abercrombie, D. D.

Thomas and Tappan, Portsmouth, propose publishing Brown's Concordance.

Proposals are issued for printing a new collection of sacred music, at Hanover, N. H. to be entitled *Harmonica Sacra.*—By Samuel Holyoke, A. M.

Proposals are issued at Poughkeepsie, (N. Y.) for publishing a periodical work, entitled "The Columbian Herald and American Repository." It is intended to be a political, moral, argumentative, literary and religious journal, to be published every Saturday—By J. Griswold.

Published by Thomas Dobson, Philadelphia, The Philadelphia Medical Museum, Vol. 4, No. 3—or total No. 15.—By J. R. Cox, M. D.

E. and J. Larkin, Boston, have issued proposals for printing Smith's Wealth of Nations—with Notes—supplementary chapters, and a life of Dr. Smith, by William Playfair—2 volumes—Price to subscribers, three dollars per volume, neatly bound.

Kimbar, Conrad and Co. Philadelphia, intend shortly to publish a handsome edition of Accum's Chemistry, in 2 volumes, octavo, with plates—Price 5 dollars, neatly bound.

# POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

## NOVEMBER—AN ODE.

FAR to the southern climes the sloping sun
Hastens to bend his rays beyond the line;
Where Sagittary puts his armour on,
Slung is the quiver, where his arrows shine;
His azure bow reflects the solar beam,
While his bright darts across th' horizon gleam.

Now first, the woodcock, near the gelid stream,
Seeks his known haunt, amid th' embrowned copse,
Where cruel fowlers take their deadly aim.
Inglorious triumph! see, the victim drops!—
Forbear your savage sport—oh! spare, ye swains,
The new advent'rers on COLUMBIA's plains.

Now sharper bites the hyperborean blast;
While eager morning chills us at the dawn,
With drizzling sleet, behold the sky o'ercast,
And the white frost bespangle all the lawn;
The well-nap'd drugget clothes the rural folk,
And homely cots display a thicker smoke.

Come, MYRA, since the woods have lost their shade,
Since undelighting are the hills and plains,
Quit we the villas, while their glories fade,
To seek the town, where gayer pleasure reigns!
But if the villas still delight my fair,
Welcome the howling grove, and brumal air!

She, like Content, can bless the barren heath;
Make verdure quicken on the mountain snow;
For where she treads fresh herbage springs beneath,
And myrtles bloom around dread Winter's brow.
The rugged North, acknowledging her charms,
Suspends his anger and his blast disarms.

EDWIN.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

## VERSES—SENT TO A YOUNG LADY.

While rosy cheeks thy bloom confess,
And youth thy bosom warms;
Let virtue and let knowledge dress
Thy mind with brighter charms.

Daily on some fine page to look,
Lay meaner sports aside;
And let the needle and the book
Thy useful hours divide.

SADI.

---

The lines of Dr. Goldsmith to "*Iris*," were attempted to be palmed on the public, in last Saturday's Centinel, as an original communication, and so gross is the imposition, there is no other alteration, than the substitution of *Mary* for Iris. We insert them as they appeared; in the trick-line quite a curiosity.

## THE FOUNT.

☞ There is some terseness, mixed with some ill-nature, perhaps *chagrin*, [*what penetration!*] in the following.—The composition, however, is above mediocrity. [*Indeed, Major!* The Doctor's ghost must be obliged to you for the compliment.]

FOR THE CENTINEL.

### *TO MARY.*

Say, cruel MARY pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart a victim to thine eyes
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift—who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch or toy,
My rivals give, and let 'em;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud, more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil;
I'll give thee—ah my charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the Devil!

ALCANDER.

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